

Son of Pro Wrestling Sushi ^{#7}

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Mark Madden:

**MATMAN
OR
MADMAN?**

...OR THE REAL
Atsushi Onita of
WRESTLING SHEETS?

Probably one of the funnier visual thoughts in the world of pro graps today is Pro Wrestling Torch columnist Mark Madden's desire to "legally" force Ole Anderson of WCW to make good on his (Ole's) 900-line "challenge" in which he reportedly has invited newsletter writers to step into the ring with him.

According to a blurb in the 8/7 Torch, Madden is serious about meeting Ole in the ring and he considers the 900-line segment (offer) to be a legal, binding, verbal contract. Okaaaay.

We'll take a bite on this one, since, when you think about it, it's got some of the best potential angles going for it since the 1-2-3 Kid vs. Razor Ramone.

First off, let's examine the possibility that the "challenge" is simply an elaborate work between WCW and Madden. This factor cannot be entirely over-looked since it has been mentioned (if I'm not mistaken, even by Madden himself) that he would work, or would like to work, or would accept a

(SNS--Sushi News Service)

PITTSBURGH, PA -- Sushi News Service has learned that several days after he "accepted" Ole Anderson's 900-line offer to climb into a WCW ring with him, flamboyant Pro Wrestling Torch columnist Mark Madden has now challenged another top official of a major U.S. wrestling promotion to step into the ring, too.

According to sources at Titan Sports, "Flamboyant" Mark Madden has demanded that WWF Chief Linda McMahon meet him at SUMMERSLAM for an "Exploding Brassieres No Stopping for Time of the Month Strawberries & Pickles on a Pole Lumber Jill Scanty-Panties Battle of the Boas Cat Fight!"

"It's in my blood, now," says the Flamboyant One. "Being the nation's top skinny-armed, skinny-assed newsletter columnist is not enough. I want to rule the w-o-r-l-d!!!"

SMOKY MT. FUNWEEK GETS SPECIAL SUSHI-STYLED... PUSH!!!



MACHO LOOK-A-LIKE 'BUMPS' ELIZABETH

LAND 'O LAKES, FL -- Residents of this quiet Florida water sports resort town (known as the "Home of the Brutus Beefcake Facelift") are once again stirring the pot of controversy in the wake of news that the "Macho Man" Randy Savage, reportedly living for the past year and sleeping here with his ex-wife, The Lovely Ms. Elizabeth, was in fact

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job with WCW if the right one were offered.

Possibly, Madden would be in line to fill the weekly 900-line slot left by Matwatch editor Steve Beverly, who is now a component of Jim Meltzer's and Dave Herd's REAL WRESTLING HOTLINE (Yeah, I know. I got their names mixed up by accident. Really!)

If this were the case, if Ole and Madden were working us, it could be a lot of fun, especially for Ole and every other old time worker or traditionalist in the business who believes that newsletters like the Torch and the Observer expose the business to the extent that pro wrestling has really been hurt by this exposure.

Hell, just being himself, Madden wouldn't need much of a gimmick--except for the boa he wears in his Torch column mug shot and a pair of "thick glasses" ala Ole's newsletter writer stereotype--to put himself over as being an irritating, smart-assed, know-it-all newsletter writer.

Of course, who really would want to call Madden on the WCW 900-line after he got his butt waxed by Ole on the TBS Saturday night show or during a major PPV?

If, indeed, Madden is working us (or if this is something he hopes to sell to WCW, so that he can put himself over as a national t.v. pro wrestling celebrity, like the late comedian Andy Kaufmann did years ago with Jerry Lawler), the actual angle he and Ole pull off will have to

not really Randy Savage but instead was someone who only "looked a lot like" Randy Savage.

"Yes, the guy who was living with and sleeping with The Lovely Ms. Elizabeth really did look a lot like Savage," says one Land O' Laker who wishes not to be identified. "But when we saw him standing next to the real Randy Savage on MONDAY NIGHT RAW on 8/2, and realized that he was just a little midget wearing a tiny Macho Man outfit and a bearded Macho Man Halloween mask, we all knew we had been fooled."

According to close friends of The Lovely Ms. Elizabeth, even she was fooled by the little midget who, for the past year, has been living and sleeping with her. Which just goes to show you, it isn't necessarily size that counts, and that hooking up with a woman with some brains might not be a bad idea after all.

UNLIKE LANO'S FEST, MELTZER BLESSES SMW WEEK

MORRISTOWN, TN -- In view of how he personally (though somewhat unsuccessfully) gave "the kiss of death" to Dr. Mike Lano's albeit overstated, but affectionate, quite worthy, and adequately legends-of-wrestling populated fan gathering for Sam Muchnick in St. Louis earlier this year, Observer newsletter editor Dave Meltzer has seemingly overlooked a few questionable promises and other eye-raising promotional come-on's concerning the Aug. 13-20 FANWEEK promoted by his good friend and fellow REAL WRESTLING HOTLINE telephone bandit Jim Cornette of SMW.

For instance, Meltzer, who says he will personally attend FANWEEK during the Aug. 13-17 leg and "hopes to meet as many of you as possible" will actually spend very little time in public and, much of the time, will be replaced by a buffed midget wearing a plastic Dave Meltzer likeness-mask who has been trained to laugh a lot when asked anything that has nothing to do with pro wrestling and has memorized one million bits of wrestling trivia information.

The way you will be able to tell the difference between the two is that the midget will spend more time listening to you even if you are not Terry Funk, hate Japanese wrestling, love the Papa Shango gimmick, do not call in match reports or thumbs up 'n' down votes for ppv's, or if you are dressed as a female wearing a black leather bikini, pirate scarf, and high heeled boots who tries to sit on his lap.

Another item Meltzer has closed his eyes to, and has failed to share with Observer readers, is that Kevin Sullivan will be driving the fans' bus to all of the FANWEEK wrestling events! (Editor's note: I don't know about you, but I think this little bit of information is something I'd want to know about before hand.)

Furthermore, "lunch and dinner" with the SMW stars (in a sealed auditorium with the SMW guys being the only ones who'll actually get knives and forks with their meals) and then later the lumber jack match "training session" with Tim Horner (where only the SMW guys will be armed with real baseball bats, clubs, and axe handles, whereas the hardcore fans only get to use foam 2x4's) is something I'd be worried about!

Nor has Meltzer exposed the fact that the "interview session" with Jim Cornette will be held high atop the edge of Bottomless Canyon in Smoky Mountain National Park where hardcore fans will be blindfolded, spun around three times, and asked to "step forward" if they have any questions.

Probably the most grievous "oversight" on Meltzer's part is his failure to disclose that, despite claims by Cornette, hardcore fans who buy the full week's package,

make sense in that it doesn't bury Madden's effectiveness as a member of WCW's phone line. And Madden (he might be a bit "crazy" but he isn't stupid) would not knowingly allow himself to be buried, unless he has this Death Wish that Torch editor Wade Keller fails to mention at the end of Madden's monthly columns.

But would Ole and WCW really want to bring more attention to newsletters which inherently expose pro wrestling as a fake, to even more fans? Ole and the minds behind WCW might be "crazy" but they are not that stupid, are they? Eric? Greg? Shaw?

So, for many reasons unmentioned, for sure, it is only a slight possibility that Madden is working us and is in cahoots with Ole and WCW. But you never know.

Way over on the other end of the spectrum, what if Mark Madden is really serious about meeting Ole Anderson in the ring? In a shoot match? If one ever came to pass? Either on t.v. or in a locked room, ala some of those remote island matches staged by Masa Saito or other Japanese wrestlers?

What if Madden is a black belt in karate or a former Golden Gloves champion? Or while working his way through journalism school, before being hired by the PITTSBURGH POST-GAZETTE, where he is a legit sports writer and editor, he worked as the toughest bouncer in one of Downtown Philly's toughest motorcycle bars, or, who knows, maybe he worked under a mask for a

will not actually get to fondle, nuzzle, or lick Dolly Parton's breasts during the planned visit to Dollywood and that it's really only the "breasts" of a wig-wearing, albino, Abdullah the Butcher look-a-like who'll be wearing a Dolly Parton likeness mask that they will get to fondle, nuzzle, and lick. (3)

All things considered (and to be a little balanced here: Hey, we're NOT the Observer, and even though Meltzer has failed to adequately report the above), the SMW FANWEEK should be a considerable blast, though it might not be a bad idea to take out a hell of a lot of extra life and trip insurance, especially if, when you get on that bus, the driver looks anything like he's hiding a "third eye" under blond hair covering a scarred and gnarly Irish forehead!

IT'S ALL IN... THE NAME?!?

MORRISTOWN, TN -- "Jeez, I wish I would have thought of this when I put together that controversial Sam Muchnick convention in St. Louis!" said wrestling's photographer-T.V. show host-dentist and energetic fan get-together promoter Dr. Mike Lano who recently changed his name to Jim Cornette.

"Now that my name is Jim Cornette, Dave Meltzer is falling all over himself trying to figure out different ways to plug, push, put-over, and cheer-lead my August FANWEEK in the Smoky Mountain Wrestling territory," a convention which hardcore fans can attend Aug. 13-20, or Aug. 13-17, and find out about by calling Brian ("We'll throw in a root canal, too!") Hildebrand at 615-585-8454.

According to the "new" Jim Cornette, "Every big fish in this small pond who I say will be here will be here for this convention, or his paycheck will be cut twenty percent, which means on payday he'll wind up owing me money!"

DON'T ASK, DON'T TELL!

Washington, D.C. -- When Sgt. Slaughter appeared before a sub-committee of the U.S. Senate recently it was not to testify against his WWF boss for alleged crimes, like sexually harassing employees, pushing steroid bloated athletes, making unconscionable booking decisions, and (the most unspeakable crime) dressing Mike Shaw in a bikini and calling him Bastian Booger.

No, Sarge did not appear in the hallowed halls of our nation's capitol to crucify Vince McMahon, expose the business, or complain about lack of push.

Fresh on the heels of President Clinton's and Congress' decisions regarding gays in the military, Slaughter quickly got senators to agree to a new ruling concerning the military status of professional wrestlers and hardcore wrestling fans who themselves have "come out of the closet" and wish not to be persecuted or denied the right to serve their country.

Our hats are off to the "Sarge" for this new federal law which simply stated says: "If you want to be in the military, and you are a worker or a hardcore fan of pro wrestling, we won't ask, and you don't have to tell, as long as you confine your grap related behavior, kayfabe thoughts, and squared-circle newsletter reading to non-duty hours, off-base locations, or the flight decks of U.S. Navy aircraft carriers."

"In other words," according to Senator Sam Nunn, "as far as the U.S. military is concerned, as long as you conduct yourself like a 'mark,' don't compromise the military's mission by trying to seduce normal young men and women into becoming 'smart' fans, and don't flaunt your 'insiderness' in the mess halls, at the P.X.'s, or on the parade grounds, you can still practice and enjoy your--cough, cough!--perverse little pro wrestling activities."

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few years as an independent for Joel Goodhart or Dennis Corraluzo and once went 60-minutes to a ***** draw in an Exploding Barbed-Wire Blood Bath on a Pole Death Match with Eddie Gilbert or Terry Funk? Or maybe he really does have a Death Wish-- or "Last Wish"-- and (for reasons of celebrity, ego, insanity, or boredom with life) he really wants to put on the tights and climb into a ring with someone who legitimately would enjoy killing him. (I am reminded of the particularly bloody, macabre scene in the Vietnam era movie APOCALYPSE NOW, when Marlin Brando eerily mutters the graphic words, "The horror, the horror...")

Could a shoot wrestling match like this, without a bunch of stipulations, actually be sanctioned anywhere outside Bangkok? Or, if they could get away with booking it in the USA, and Madden is really just a gangly putz who needs two hands to lift a fork full of peas to his mouth at dinner time, would Madden simply fall onto his back onto a skate board and crab-walk all over the ring for 30-minutes like Antonio Inoke did when he "wrestled" Muhammed Ali in their ages ago wrestler vs. boxer fiasco? (Hmmm? Madden better hope that Ole never catches up to him, though, since it's usually the wrestler--not the newsletter writer or boxer--who falls to the mat on his back!)

Since real life

YOUNG BUNS VS. OLD BUTT MATCH!

Dear Mister Ole Anderson of WCW,

Just when I was about to call my Unca Jim Cornette and tell him I didn't have enough cash in my life-sized Ted DeBiase piggy bank to afford to attend the Smoky Mountain Wrestling confab set for August 13-20, 10' and b'hold, what did I see but your "challenge" in the 8/9 issue of the Wrestling Observer newsletter, where it's editor mentioned that you had announced on WCW's 900-line that you'd pay \$10,000 to any*skinny-armed, skinny-buttet newsletter writer who wears thick glasses to get in the ring and hook'em up with you and your 50 year old fat ass!

Well, hot damn!

I might only be 9½ years-old, but my arms are skinnier than Wade Keller's! My butt is skinnier than a mosquito trying to suck blood out of a dead man (which, according to Stan Lane, is skinnier than Jim Cornette's checkbook on pay day). I'm supposed to wear thick glasses while reading textbooks in my 4th grade history class, and--well, don't you just know it!--I'm also a newsletter writer. Which, according to your challenge, probably qualifies me as the number one contender to step into the ring with you and see who wipes whose ass in a YOUNG VS. OLD BUTTS LUMBERJACK MATCH during, what, the HALLOWEEN HAVOC pay per view in October?!

Of course, I have a few stipulations. Like, during interviews for our match, no name calling. You don't get on the house mic and bring up my behavior record at Lucretia Mott Elementary School and I won't mention your record during various stints as Executive V.P. and/or booker during the recent years of decline and fall of the NWA/WCW.

You don't show the embarrassing home video mini-movie of me running down the beach at Campbell-by-the-Sea with tears in my eyes after Hulk Hogan lied about steroid use on Arsenio (causing Dave Meltzer to be about the only other person I know to crap green apples, since none of my WWF demographic-type friends or their parents ever watch Arsenio!) and I won't show the hidden camera replays of you sticking your thumb up your rectal zone while scratching your head wondering what to do next after you did those awesome Black Scorpion interviews which, after the infamous record setting CLASH, went south-of-no-where, along with Ric "The Real Scorpion" Flair's career.

Also, let's leave each other's IQ points out of this, along with the fact that both of us probably have more brains in (as well as hair on) our respective skinny and larded butts than we do in (or on) both our heads combined! (Ole, I don't know about you, but if Eric Bischoff was looking over my shoulder and telling me what to do, that in and of itself would speak volumes about my intelligence quotient!)

My final stipulation is that I get to draft whomever I want to be in my corner as my tag-team partner during our match. I get to pick someone who is not necessarily skinny in the arms nor skinny in the butt and who does not wear thick glasses, but who definitely writes a newsletter and who, some say, looks like Flyin' Brian Pillman, and whose name rhymes with--ta-ta!--Mave Deltzer!!! And that after you've whacked on him for about 20-minutes, using his head as a ringside mop, his back as a folding chair dent-remover, his eyes as a metal spike-sharpener, and his belly as an off

"grudge matches" or duels-to-the-death are outlawed in the USA, the kind of legitimate shoot match that some of us might want to see between the two probably would never happen either. Ole might be Ole, but if there was any chance Madden could actually clean his clock in any type of legit combat, Ole will back-peddle 'til hell freezes over a (fourth time!) to avoid climbing into any ring with a legit Marky.

So, if this Dream Match ever really does take place (outside the next issue of Jeff Cohen's crative mind and his clever bi-monthly Fantasy Federation newsletter where a make-believe match like this really does belong!), would the match be a shoot? Doubtful. Me thinks the only chance Ole and Mark will ever really hook'em up for real is if Ole catches Mark urinating on his automobile's hub caps out in the parking lot after a show in Baltimore, MD, where (while it is illegal to blade a guy in the ring) you can, I think, legally kick him to death if you catch him in the act of pissing on your Goodyears.

Finally, in reality, what will probably happen if the "match" is neither a coordinated work or an outright shoot and it never comes off?

Simply put, once again, Mark Madden is going to get a lot of play on this one.

His shoot-job on Bill Watts (re' the Hank Aaron "racist" issue) gave Mark a taste for something known only to those who actually do perform the main event in front of 18,000 screaming people

the top rope splash-softener, I get the hot tag,! Oh, yeah, with Cactus "Once Fired for Exposing the Bidness" Jack as the special guest referee. Wooooo!

So, whaddya say, Unca Ole? You and moi? Mano o' petite mano! I really need the bucks to go to the Smoky Mountain bash. I also need the bucks in order to keep current all my...newsletter subscriptions!!! Ha-ha!

Jubie Jay ("The 1-2-3½ Kid") Mullins
Sushiland, CA

BUTT-KICK'N... WHAT PRO GRAPS IS ALL ABOUT !

Dear Mister "Booking Sheet" Newsletter Person,

Hello, you funny son-of-a-gun! It's me, your 9½ year old boot-licking-like-Jeff Bowdren little budro, Jubie Jay Mullins, from Sushiland-near-Campbell-by-the-Sea.

I read your July 1993 issue of BS while eating an entire bucket-o-choc'late chip cookies from the super market and (while the high fructose corn syrup coursed through my blood vessels and while the coconut oil basted my tiny 4th grader brain cells) the stuff in your sheet got funnier and funnier and was almost psychedelic, like the way Jimi Hendricks gets in the WOODSTOCK film (which took place during the semi-golden age of pro wrestling when, according to my uncles Jeff Mullins and Riki-Jack Hammeroyd, 1) Ray "Not Sid Vicious" Stevens ruled the world, 2) Dave Meltzer had not yet thought about exposing the bidness and, 3) Wade Keller was hardly a DNA molecule in his pappy's loins!)

Boy, I like the way you kicked everyone's butt who sucked up to Meltzer following Bruce Mitchell's nutcracker column in the Torch where he castrated Dave for doing what you call (and I love it!) the SNOTLINE with Jim Herd. To me, butt-kicking is what graps and grap sheets are all about, though, personally, I disagree with you that it is "okey-dokey" that Dave is doing the SNOTLINE with Herd. I mean, if Dave were doing a phone line with just the other guys, it wouldn't bother me. But him doing a hotline with Jim "Farts for Brains" Herd? The ass-hole who pushed El Gigante, Oz, and the Ding Dongs on us? The creep who drove Ric Flair on the road to an earlier grave? The neanderthal who contributed in a major-league way to WCW's longterm problems and slide to oblivion? Dave Meltzer and Jim Herd? After all the months and months of things that Dave said about Herd in pages upon pages of the Observer? Jeez, in my book, that's like Holocaust survivors joining up with Adolph Hitler to do a 50-year reunion! Or like the Romans joining up with Christ, or vice versa. ("Hey, guys, I'm sorry I caused you and the Empire some problems during the dawning of the Dark Ages." "Hey, Jesus. Sorry we used nails that weren't galvanized." Chorus. "Oh, well. Byegones be byegones. Let's do a hotline!") I mean, if that doesn't raise serious creditability issues (or mean that Dave was suffering a serious decline in readership and pocketbook size) then my ancestors were spider monkeys; I'm gonna grow up and become a monkey's uncle, and someday Dave and the current front office staff of WCW (a staff which he has crucified worse than the Romans ever crucified anyone!) are gonna team up to sell ICOPRO-flavored monkey burgers with The Giant Gonzales and Vince McMahon! I guess, if Dave only would have told us in advance what he was doing, or even mentioned it when "the" infamous flyer appeared with the Observer, like he mentions or plugs or analyses to death almost everything else having to do with pro wrestling (I mean what would have been more interesting or germane in that issue? A little explanation about Herd and him figuratively going to bed with each other? Or another match report concerning some who-gives-a-fig-relatives of Mr. Fuji in Japan, for crying out loud?!) You can bet the farm that if Dave were not involved in the hotline, and if Arezzi, and Tenay, and Beverly, etc., were involved

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on Saturday nights in packed arenas. The feeling the same as when, during the final inning of that final World Series game, that old, nearly crippled pinch-hitting fart Curt Gibson blasted the game and Series winning run over the fence. A feeling, I'm sure, that someone might get were they to be doing coke and having sex with Kim Bassinger while parachuting out of a plane over a monastery.

Not that there is anything wrong with having fun, and picking on Ole (let's see if he gets fired, too, for behavior and 900-line comments unbecoming a professional rassler!), and putting yourself over, and making the news instead of reporting or commenting on it. Hey, in a way, part of every one of us probably would like to be in Madden's shoes right about now. And to be honest, there is a part of me that envies Madden's alertness and quickness in once again putting himself at the forefront of what is really nothing more than a non-issue, turned into a major "issue" by the weekly Doctors of Squared-Circle Spin, namely Meltzer, Keller, etc 'al.

Yes, with each new mention of the Madden-Ole "feud" that probably won't take place anywhere (other than the sheets, or with the lawyers for awhile as a nuisance case) but in a parking lot, unless it's a work as mentioned earlier, I'll do my share of giggling along with the rest of you. But also, in a tiny, remote corner of my mind, I'll probably feel

by themselves with Jim Herd, that story would have made the front pages or at least the "Here and There" section of that particular issue of the Observer.

I dunno, had I had my way (if Dave needed the money, because that, or if he is being blackmailed, is the only reason he's doing the hotline), I would have preferred that Dave simply raised the price of his sheet 25¢ a week and told Herd, "Thanks, but no thanks!" and hung up on the bastard. That would have reeked of integrity and, in my book, the veracity of the Observer would still be like a virgin who has done only a little heavy petting from time to time, but has not yet gone all the way. But, hey, what do I know? I'm only a 9½ year old kid who wants to grow up someday and have a voice like Harley Race, wear ties like Larry Zybysko, and possess a mind like Cactus Jack. Bang! Bang!

Jubie Jay Mullins
Sushiland, CA

P.S. Hey, dude. Jeff here. Except for Jeff Cohen's wet dreams in his Fantasy Fed sheet, I usually I never read made up booking shit. But I read your WCW epic from page two to the back cover and thoroughly enjoyed it. Your little touches (the comments by Race, and Jack, and Terry Funk, and that part about the Bulldog running into the arena like a "bomb" was in the building) made me smile bigtime. Are you sure you and Jim Cornette weren't joined at the brain at birth? Some of the stuff you do is about as "Corny" as it gets. Best wishes, man. Love The Booking Sheet, available, I understand, \$6 for four issues, from Filmseed Publications, Route 5, Box 76, Forest City, N.C. 28043.

AFTERMATH OF WWF OVERKILL !

MINNEAPOLIS, MN -- "No, Mr. Patterson! No! Pleeeeee, no! Not that! No-o-o-ooooo!"

-- Bad dream by young Jason Shepard on night after he received legal threat from WWF to cease and desist his Shawn Michael's fan club and send to Titan all his profits due to alleged copyright infringement.

STAMFORD, CT -- "Oh, no! Jesus H. Christ, n-o-o-ooooo! Not this! Not this!!!"

-- Comments by WWF Attorney Jerry McDivitt upon receipt of bill from Jason Shepard's attorney demanding payment on the \$300 Jason lost running the Shawn Michael's fan club.

SLEEPY LAWNS CEMETARY, STAMFORD, CT -- Umpfh. Squeek. Crunch.
-- Sounds made by Vince McMahon Senior turning over in his grave.

[Editor's note: For a much more delicate report on this matter, including information about Jason's circumstances not printed elsewhere, checkout Georgianne Makropoulos' friendly as a cup o' coffee 30-page July '93 Wrestling Chatterbox(\$2.50), 23-44 30th Drive, Astoria, NY 11102-3252.]

SYMPATHY SHOWN FOR BRAIN-BLANCKED BARD

Dear Todd Stutts, Robbins, N.C.,

Hi, Toddinski. Brother Riki-Jack, here. Hope you can read my handwriting. Both my hands got caught in a food blender this morning and...hey...have you ever taken a dump and then had to wipe your ass with a wad of toilet paper tucked between the toes of one foot, let alone tried to write a letter that way? Let me tell you, pal, it's harder than watching a highlight clip of Missy Hyatt's best locker room interviews!

This letter, by the way, is a labor of love for a fellow Shiite Dude With Attitude, brother Charles Hunt, the

a little guilty about it, because of how WCW is poised at the edge of suicide cliff right now and how I'd really like to see the group pull itself out of the years' long slide it's taken toward oblivion.

Nor is it that what Madden is doing isn't funny--because it really is--but in a way it is also like coming up to a guy who has just had the crap beaten out of him and his guts and eyeballs are spilled all over the pavement and he's barely hanging on for life and you walk over to him, wink at your buddies, and (as if it were a paper cup) you proceed to stomp on one of his nearly detached eyeballs. Funnier than hell, all right, in a Beavis & Butthead pro wrestling-angle sort of way. But, oh, well. People who live in glass houses, and write newsletters like this one, shouldn't throw stones at other stone throwers, I guess.

Nevertheless, with that said, it is sure going to be interesting to see how this one turns out and whether or not WCW will, after all, survive another hit by "Super" Mark. Stay tuned, eh.

Hello, everyone!
Welcome to Son of Pro Wrestling Sushi #7, the little grapolla sheet that comes at you like boxing gloves loaded with rabbit punches, kidney shots, eye gouges, and other deviously worked knee-lifts of devilish squared-circle fun!

For those of you new to this sheet, I am your editor, Jeff Mullins, who never ceases to be amazed at how some of you still

"wrestling poet" who has been suffering from writer's block since that awful incident you told me about which took place at an indy show in 1990, when Bonnie Steamboat told brother Chuck to stop filming her husband while he was in the ring.

Now, to be honest, I don't really see how brother Chuckinski could get writer's block from being told what for by the wife of a famous person. (Like you sort of implied yourself, it wasn't as if First Lady Hillary Clinton came up to Charles and told him to stop filming her husband while he was battling over the U.S. budget with Republican members of the House and Senate!) I mean, I can see how Charles might shit a brick of sexual nervousness if someone as bee-you-tee-ful as Bonnie Steamboat gave him a rash of crapola. But writer's block?

Well, anyway, since I was feeling so sorry for the once prolific little son-of-a-gun who made us all laugh with his wrestling poems during the infamous BALTIMORE BASH'90 get-together of hardcore wrestling fans, I went to my local library and found the enclose information for people who find themselves with writer's block. Please share this enclosed flyer with the Chuckster. Hope it works like X-lax in the morning for a kid who (the night before) ate 20 cherry pies and then washed them down with a couple gallons of clabbered goats milk!

P.S.: Also, here's hoping that if Ms. Carley Gill of Alaska and the Torch doesn't come to her senses soon and sell herself into bondage with you, that Debbie Malenko finds it in her wicked little heart to knock on your door and jump into your BVD's with a fistful of WWF ice cream bars in one hand and a cupful of spiders from inside Luna Vachon's head in the other!

P.S.S.: Say hello to fellow Dudes--Bobby "Tully Blanchard II" Yates and "Double D" Darrell Dickens. Along with yourself and Charles "The Currently Brain Dead Poet" Hunt, finer wrestling fans (and humans) I have never known.

Riki-Jack Hammeroyd
Sushiland, CA

IMPROVE BRAIN'POWER' W/OUT STEROIDS!

Riki-Jack Hammeroyd's DEAD POETS SOCIETY & CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
(for the poetically blocked and sonnetically handicapped!)

o Have you lost your ability to rhyme?

o Has your self image as a man, a stud, and a poet dwindled (along with your ability to create couplets?)

o Does a rose by any other name still smell...like a rose?

If you answered "Yes" to any of the above questions, then fret no more! Riki-Jack Hammeroyd can help you get "it" back.

To determine if, indeed, you still have even the smallest amount of pistashe in your bones, fill in the blanks to complete the simple poem below...

Roses of red
Violets of mace,
Vader punched Cactus
All over his _____.

Cont. next page!

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continue to find out about wrestling's deepest, darkest, most embarrassing family secret, which is guardedly enjoyed by slightly more than 200 subscribers who, for reasons which only a psychoanalyst might fathom, continue to send in \$1 with each Self-Addressed-Stamped-Envelope (or \$2 without the stamps if they're from overseas).

Jubie Jay Mullins, who runs amuck in these pages, is my 9½ year old wrestling obsessed nephew, who some people think exists only in my imagination, but who gets more "fan" mail addressed to him than anyone else here in Sushiland.

Riki-Jack Hammeroyd (whose byline may or not appear from time to time on these pages) is my evil twin brother who changed his name and broke our mother's heart and who also writes all the SUSHI NEWS SERVICE (SNS) stories.

Attila the Nun, who is Jubie's mother, is the sheet's censor who works whenever we run letters to the editor, which is not much lately, due to the time and energy constraints on the staff. Though this may change in the near future as we contemplate a new project in response to those of you witty dudes who have sent in letters, ideas, and suggestions over the past few months wanting the Sushi-styled letters section to return. Well, more on this matter sometime down the d-u-s-t-y road.

In the meantime, all you letter writers thirsting for blood or a

Jack got loco and
Dropped outta sight
(Since Leon's punches
Were not very _____.)

Then, that reporter witch
Looked high and low.
She even ventured
Into Skid _____.

For Jack she searched,
For Jack she twirled,
For Jack she hunted
All over the _____.

Then the booking committee
Forgot the whole bit,
Causing Davey Boy Meltzer
To crap loads of green _____!

Did you guess the missing words? Of course you did! See, you haven't lost it a bit! You still have it in you to recapture your long lost poetic verve! Isn't it time now to let Riki-Jack Hammeroyd help you over the edge? Don't wait! Don't delay! Send your money to RJH today!

Just send \$500 c-a-s-h to the address below and Riki-Jack'll get back to ya!

RJH's DEAD POETS SOCIETY & CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
One Eight Hundred Eyeforgot Lane
Sushiland, CA (or call: 1-900-SCREWED BLUED 'N' TATOOED)

FLAMBOYANT ONE STRIKES AGAIN!

STAMFORD, CT -- "We'll get to the bottom of this! Responsible parties will be fired!" Linda McMahon, new WWF President, told reporters in response to charges filed by twenty Titan employees who claim their children were "irrevocably traumatized" during an incident which took place recently in the company's day care center.

"I don't know what happened to my son," the parent of a four-year-old Titan day care attendee told assembled reporters, "but when I collected him from the WWF operated day care center and took him home, he ran into his bedroom, screamed that he would never return to the day care center, and locked himself inside his small wooden toy box!"

Another parent claims that when he brought his daughter home, "She walked zombie-like into the kitchen, opened a jar of honey, poured the contents over her head, and calmly asked to be thrown upon an ant hill rather than be forced to go back to the Titan day care center!"

Similar horror stories were told by eighteen other Titan employees whose toddlers spend weekdays in the company's wrestling-themed child care facility while their parents perform various nine-to-five clerical duties and other assignments for the nation's largest sports entertainment company.

"Is Pat Patterson's office anywhere near the day care center?" Mark Madden of Pro Wrestling Torch asked Mrs. McMahon during the question and answer segment of the press briefing.

"Uh, yes," Linda McMahon answered, "but I fail to see what relevance the location of Mr. Patterson's office has to do with any of this."

"Are Missy Hyatt's breasts bigger than your's? And is this the main reason why you will not hire her when her contract with WCW expires in March?"

"What?!"

cont. next page

wicked slice of Ole
Anderson's leathery old
hide, don't overlook
Barry Rose's excellently
staffed and thoroughly
opinionated twice a month
Chairshots(\$1), from 200
Leslie Dr., Apt. 717,
Hallandale, FL 33009, a
sheet which does print
spicier letters, like one
of the shortest,
funniest, and most
insider-underground
hilarious letters to
appear anywhere (8/1) by
"Pistol" Bob Barnett of
Santa Monica, CA.

• • •
Until Stan Lane
started telling stories,
about Jim Cornette, the
current SMW kingpin and
part time WWF manager was
fairly immune from
criticism or looks under
the microscope by the
underground newsletter
wrestling community,
especially the Observer
whose editor is a very
close and long time
friend of Jimmy's. One
would need to look long
and hard in years and
years of back issues to
find much of anything
written in but the most
glowing terms about
Cornette.

Recent "Torch Talks"
in Wade Keller's weekly
Pro Wrestling Torch
newsletter, plus
discussions elsewhere by
Lane and others (and
Cornette himself), has
lifted the protective
veil that has covered
Cornette for so long and
has revealed to hardcore
fans another side of the
Louisville Lip.

However, please note
the operative words here:
as in "another side of
Cornette." Not the
suspicious "other" side,
nor the nefarious "dark"
side of this gifted
former WCW stalwart,

(9)

"Is Cowboy Bill Watts now a consultant with the WWF? And was he
hired to give you booking ideas on the use of black wrestlers? For
instance: that g-r-e-a-t role model gimmick for the black youth of
America (NOT!!!) for Men on a Mission?"

"Who are you?!"

"Is it true that you plan to totally seduce Jim Cornette away from
his full time duties at SMW by promising him and the Heavenly Bodies the
tag belts if he will have sex with you in the back of Rita Marie
Chatterton's Chevy?"

"George! Arnold!!!"

Madden was last seen being grabbed by the groin and nipples by
agents George "The Animal" Steele and Arnold Skoland and dragged out of
the building screaming something about First Amendment rights and
keeping their hands off his hot pink tights!

JUBIE JAY GETS TO 'HEART' OF MATTER !

Dear Unca Dave,

Konbanwa, Sempai! It's me, your little RISING SUN
movie-goin', rice-eatin', fish-head chompin', Yokozuna-
hatin', Lex Luger-lovin' Jubie Jay "Macho Midget" Mullins-
kohai from Sushiland, just wanting to tell you how I really
l-o-v-e it when you use four-letter cuss words in the
Observer. Like when you began the 8/2 issue noting that
"Hell" froze over for the second time in less than one year
when Jim Cornette and the Heavenly Bodies appeared on WWF
shows. (I guess that means the first time Hell froze over
this year was when you joined Jim Herd and those other
telephone bandits on the REAL WRESTLING HOTLINE!)

Whenever I use four-letter cuss words in my 4th grade
class at Lucretia Mott Elementary, I get suspended from
school. Then, when I get home, I get my mouth washed out
with Dial Soap, and for days I walk around looking like I'm
doing a Pampo Firpo foaming-at-the mouth imitation!

By the way, I really enjoyed two letters which appeared
on the READERS' PAGES in the 8/2 issue. I enjoyed Tom
Burke's letter because it was mercifully brief and because
he only crapped on WCW once, which has got to be an Observer
record! I also enjoyed Steve "Rising Son" Yohe's really
l-o-n-g letter mainly because he exposed your messy bedroom,
shared with us his fantasy about 7-foot-2 black wimmen (both
of these items being real hot wrestling news, if you know
what I mean!), and because he knocked Japanese wrestling by
calling Keiji Muto "goofy." You know, he's right, too. Any
guy who'd dip his face in a bucket of paint and spit green
motor oil at people really is a goofus!

Hey, when are you gonna print another letter by one of
my personal all time favorite Observer letter-to-the-editor
writers, Klone? I understand Klone has written some pretty
sharp letters to you over the past year or so, but you won't
publish them now because you don't want Klone to become a
cult hero in your sheet. (Jeez, Unca Dave. Are you
becoming a control freak? Or just a freak? Or what?)

First the hot line, then Observers filled with cuss
words, then Yohe-san's fears about discovering tall Afro-
babes in his bathroom, and now the Observer black-balling a
cool guy like Klone just because you're becoming anal
retentive in your old age and because you're itchy about who
gets put over in your sheet?! Seems to me like you might
need a little Dial Soap, Unca Dave! Sigh. So, where's it
all gonna end? When Hell freezes over thrice?! (And is
Yohe next?) Somewhat disappointed at what seems to be going

because, frankly, even though the Torch interviews with Lane were enlightening, and even though Jimmy's letter of rebuttal to some of what Lane had said was

interesting, Jim Cornette was not exposed as being an ass or a cheat or someone who could share boxer shorts with some of the sport's more heinous figures.

If any picture comes out that puts Cornette in a clearer light, it is only that when it comes to money, he and a dime are both pretty thin, and that most of SMW's workers probably could qualify for welfare.

But for a start-up guy, running his own full time regional promotion, trying to stay alive in the shadow of the WWF and in the wake of the wreckage left by the WCW, what has been revealed about Cornette is nothing that lowers one's opinion of him, but (via the interviews and subsequent dialogue) is something that has been missing for many years: a real "inside" look at Jim Cornette, something that, heretofore, until the "Torch Talks," was withheld from hardcore fans due to the friendship between Dave Meltzer and Jimmy C.

By the way, has Keller and his newly redesigned Torch finally arrived or what? Aside from the cleaner, sharper graphic look, full news coverage, the controversial weekly columns, interviews, photos, and 12 pages of easy to read type instead of ten pages of eye strain, Wade's offering a 1-year sub package for \$72, which drops the per issue price to only \$1.39

on inside your heart, bushitsuke-san. And almost embarrassed to be your 9½ year-old nephew and wakaimono. I am, none-the-less, your little FAX-sending', auto-dialin', sign-wavin' at PPV's, dai rokkan-usin' bud-dee...

Jubie Jay "KLON LIVES!" Mullins
Sushiland-near-Campbell-by-the-Sea, CA

Squared-Circle Squid: Because of family commitments and additional job responsibilities requiring my attention from mid-August on, this editor will be attending SMW's FANWEEK in spirit only, as, unfortunately, only late June or July are the best Summer travel-months for us here at Sushiland. Because of who's behind it (and who's pushing it, too), as well as the solid ream of daily events and matches that are lined up, FANWEEK should be the best attended gathering of hardcores in a long while, if ever in the history of these sort of things, and if not, it will only be because of the economy and not because the event has not been well planned nor as well organized as the remarkable SMW concept itself. So, despite a lot of things mentioned for laughs (or chagrins) in this issue, here's hoping SMW FANWEEK is as huge a success as it is a glorious tribute to Jim Cornette, his staff, workers, and Smoky Mountain fans who are breathing new life into the resurrection of creditable, fun, territory-styled wrestling--as it was meant to be. . . For the record (and this probably is suicidal on my part, but what else is new, especially if Meltzer is within earshot or even if he isn't within earshot, due to the politics and heat between Dave and me, and if you want to feel a cold stare during FANWEEK, or get the nervous laugh and sluff-off remark, or feel like Stan Lane at a Cornette Family Reunion, just mention Sushi to Dave or others who feel tied to his umbilicus or who can't afford to take sides, even though some of them have confessed--with me under oath--how they secretly enjoy Sushi frying Dave's ass whenever he deserves it) I am one of several persons who suggested early on to Cornette that he consider doing a fan gathering for hardcores this year. I'm also one of those who, over the years, had a running argument with Meltzer, before Cornette began SMW, that territories could comeback, maybe not as big as before, but that the concept could get a toehold and, in the right hands, find profitable niches somewhere among the cracks between WCW and the WWF. For years, really, Meltzer has put down the idea as lacking common sense. Checkout ample back issues of the Observer's READERS' PAGES where, in boldface type, letter writers who expressed "territory" wishes were adamantly dismissed as being pie-in-the-sky dreamers. Well, it's a good thing for us, and for wrestlers, too, that people like Cornette of SMW and Paul E. Dangerously of the new WWN weren't listening too hard when Dave expressed those opinions. . . And if you really want to piss off the Vince McMobsters at the WWF cards (I mean why should Wade Keller and Jason Shepard have all the fun?), and possibly get a letter from Titan's legal offices for brandishing non-WWF stuff at house shows, contact Boyce Johansen of 5424 W. 69th Ave., Arvada, CO 80003 for Wrestle Gram T-shirts and other merchandise he has on sale. . . Hey, Sushigangsters! Enuff is enuff! Thanks for dropping by. See you next time, whenever that may be. -- JDM

per ish (\$2 for a sample copy.) Not bad for a kid who once had only six

paid subscribers and a Meltzer complex. Contact Wade at P.O. Box 201844,

Minneapolis, MN 55420, or send him \$15 for a ten-week trial subscription.